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THE PATH OF LOVE REMAINS UNTROD!

Dreams are they? But ye cannot stay them
Or thrust the dawn back for one hour!
Truth, love, justice, if ye slay them,
Return with more than earthly power;
Strive, if ye will, to seal the fountains
That send the spring through leaf and spray,
Drive back the sun from the eastern mountains,
Then—bid this mightier movement stay.
Or thrust the dawn back for one hour!

It is the Dawn! The Dawn! the nations
From East to West have heard a cry—
Through all earth's blood-red generations
By hate and slaughter climbed thus high,
Here—on this height—still to aspire,
One only path remains untrod,
One path of love and peace climbs higher;
Made straight that highway for our God.

—Alfred Noyes.

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HAS NEW YORK GIVEN BILLY SUNDAY NEW LIGHT?

We ask the foregoing question, because so far as our knowledge goes, Mr. Sunday has never elsewhere had so much to say against the wickedness of wealth, ill-gotten gains, etc.

There are indications that Mr. Sunday has moved forward considerably of late toward the position of the old prophet who exclaimed: "Let justice roll down as waters and righteousness as a mighty-stream." However he may have pleased some by his out-spoken utterances, it is evident that he did not go far enough for the Socialists, a committee of which asked him to preach on the subject, "Is It Moral to Be Rich?" Before going to Mr. Sunday one of the Socialist delegation said to a newspaper reporter: "We are not going to go too hard on Billy. But we feel that some of the statements he has made about us should not go unchallenged. We feel that but for the fact that he has borne false witness against us we would ignore him. So, among other things, we want to ask him if it is not a fact that he is talking for the benefit of young John D., and not for the benefit of the average man."

We turn now to some of Mr. Sunday's sermons, which seem to us to show a certain awakening on his part. In sermon after sermon in New York week before last he hurled broadsides against Mammon. In one sermon he remarked: "It would do the Church good to suffer persecution. One trouble is that the Church has grown rich and prosperous. It is too comfortable. It would do it good to smell a little gunpowder. I never saw a place where extremes are more marked than they are in New York. Here I have seen some of the noblest men and women I ever met, and you have some of the worst devils this side of hell."

In another sermon Mr. Sunday said: "We have produced in America a religious type of men who are religious in the best sense of the word in their private lives, but who in their professional, commercial, social and industrial relations, where other people are concerned, do not seem to think that their religion need necssarily enter.

"In other words, this idea of religion has produced men whose private lives are good but whose public lives are bad. Men who would not pick the pockets of one man with the fingers of their hand, will without hesitation, pick the pockets of 80,000,000 people with the fingers of their monopoly or commercial advantage."

Again Sunday thundered out: "If all the things in our possession were to leave us and go to the rightful owners, there would be some surprises. The diamonds in your ears might jump out and go over to some woman who is manicuring her nails over a wash tub because your husband cheated her out of her property."

Another day Sunday shouted out: "To become a Christian many a man would have to pull out his check book and begin to pay back the money which he has got from others by swindling. That's the reason some do not come down the sawdust path at the first chance." Again he shouted to his New York hearers: "Some of you people make haste only to get rich, to declare dividends and to secure public position through politics. The very last thing they make haste with is to get right with God."

Speaking at another time concerning the Church Sunday declared: "The Church in her endeavor to serve God and Mammon is becoming cross-eyed and losing the power to know good from evil. * * * The Church is sick and needs a remedy. * * * The trouble with some Church people is that they go to church on Sunday and to hell on the other six days of the week."

In one sermon as if to stir persons who were living without any sense of concern as to their fellows, Sunday roared out: "The sinner often has a high old time on earth, because he obeys God's laws as regards physical things; and God doesn't throw the universe out of gear to stop and punish one sinner or a million sinners. He has set a time when he will put the sinners off to one side for punishment."

If Billy Sunday once gets it into his make-up that the Kingdom of God is to be built here on earth, and will give himself to a strenuous effort to jolt people into real Christian living, and not simply to hitting the sawdust trail (which is good so far as it goes), he will operate as a strong force for the bringing of brotherhood and the enthronement of Christ.

We might have put Christ first and brotherhood second, but when brotherhood is here Christ will be enthroned; and when Christ is enthroned brotherhood will be here. So it doesn't matter which is used first and which last.

For some reason the idea has been prevalent that Mr. Sunday was too indifferent to injustice and wickedness in the business and industrial world; and blind to much that was masking as good-will when really it was nothing but self-interest and selfishness.

There in New York, now, in the midst of some of the most astounding and disgusting displays of quickly made millions, many of them war made, have his eyes been opened? Has his vision been enlarged. Has he been converted? And will he go forth to convert his fellow men to that life of love which Jesus of Nazareth had in mind when he said "thy brother as thyself."

"Behold him now where he comes!
Not the Christ of our subtle creeds,
But the Lord of our hearts, of our homes,
Of our hopes, our prayers, our needs;
The brother of want and blame,
The lover of women and men,
With a love that puts to shame
All passions of mortal ken;—
Yet of all of woman born
His is the scorn of scorn;
Before whose face do fly
Lies and the love of a lie;
Who from the temple of God
And the sacred place of laws
Drives forth, with smiting rod,
The herds of ravening maws.

" 'Tis he, as none other can,
Makes free the spirit of man,
And speaks, in darkest night
One word of awful light
That strikes through the dreadful pain
Of life, a reason sane—
That word divine which brought
The universe from naught."

"THOU ART THE MAN!"

In New York last week Nathan Straus, an eminent American citizen, severely criticised rich people in that city who had made millions in dealing in munitions and yet lacked generosity toward various worthy causes. Mr. Straus put his finger right on the culprits by saying: "The names of persons who gave $1,000 to the National League for Woman's Service have just been read; they have made millions out of the war. If a man gives $250,000 for a picture he ought to give just as much to aid in carrying on the war. One of my friends told me of a man who paid $200 for two chairs. I would like to cushion these chairs for him. You must shame such persons into giving money—you women must shame them into giving."

One man to whom the women had gone for aid had a short time before given $250,000 for a painting, but would not give them anything.

After Mr. Straus had spoken the secretary of the League arose and remarked that the League was very grateful for what the wealthy people had done. And after the meeting another asserted that Mr. Straus had no right to come to a private house and say such things.

We have been wondering very much of late whether the time has not come for preachers and others to point more directly at wickedness instead of confining themselves to the proclamation of principles. It is necessary to say sometimes "Thou art the man!" As to this and all action Old Davy Crockett's motto is a good one: "Be sure you're right, then go ahead." It may make trouble. But this is a world of trouble. And nothing is accomplished without trouble.

A VOICE FROM CANADA.

Dominion Urged to Conscript Wealth as Well as Men.

The Toronto Daily Globe, Canada's great national paper, contained an editorial last week from which we quote as follows:

"No Canadian who dons khaki fears to risk his life in the cause of freedom. But he goes out with bitterness in his heart as he reflects on the men who live through these momentous times with gold as their god, and who are permitted by a supine Government to exploit the necessities of suffering humanity.

"The conscription of fighting men carries with it an obligation to conscript all the essential resources of the country and to place the nation on a war footing."

"Millionaires have sprung up like mushrooms in a single night, and no statesmanlike effort has been made to tap these sources of revenue and to conscript the profits while mammoth fortunes have been accumulated by the privileged few."

"Other profiteers have been growing rich by grinding the faces of the poor. * * * The consumer is at the mercy of profiteers who enjoy the privilege of imposing, for their own private gain, war taxes that add a hundred fold to the misery and tribulation of a terrible war."

HOW THE SECRETARY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF HOME MISSIONS VIEWS THE WAR.

Dr. Jospeh E. McAffee, the Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, in an address in a church in New York City about two weeks ago, gave utterances to ideas concerning the great world war which will need to get more extensive possession of the people if any speedy good is to come to the world because of the war. Dr. McAffee said in part:

"The present world-conflict is in its primary motives a trade war. * * * If there is another great war it will be, like this, a trade war. And come another will if the fundamental economic causes of this are not removed. * * * Commerce, the organized production and distribution of material goods, must henceforth be admitted to the ranks of the spirituals. It serves the higher life of men, not merely their lower animal appetites. * * * Without a Christian system of commerce we are not Christian."

Dr. McAffee remarked: "Africa is almost more the seat of this war than is Europe, though its territory is well nigh free of the trampling armies. The high-handed exploitation of Africa's natural resources and its native peoples has already been written down as the primary cause of this conflict, and the historian fifty years hence will see this more clearly still."

With this understanding of the root causes of the war, Dr. McAffee declared that henceforth economic affairs must take their proper place among spiritual concerns, and that the Golden Rule must be applied by nations and by individuals. "Spoilation is an affront to the universal principles of economics and humanity. The domineering race and the exploiting civilization wrongs itself quite as definitely as it injures the exploited and blights their civilization. Every one knows that an enduring business cannot be built after this fashion. Yet precisely that program conducted on a national and international scale furnishes the political and economic fabric of the civilization now in the death grip in Europe. The British Empire as now ordered could not survive for a decade apart from such a program. The German Empire has frankly and openly wrought it into its system and has set about its projection on a world-wide scale. Russia has practiced it without shame or excuse. Italy was only the other day busy with a war of which that program was plainly the aim. Even the French Republic has embarked upon this current and gone so far that a third or a quarter of the African continent is under her sway. * * * This war is not the uprising of the weak to throw off the yoke of the oppressor; the weak are too abjectly subjugated to make that possible. The overlords have themselves fallen out and contested an ill balanced division of the spoils. The blaze which lighted this conflagration was itself lit five years ago in harbor of Morocco. Every new aggression of the European Powers in the extension of their colonial systems has piled up fuel for these flames. The so-called devolpment of backward peoples through foreign concessions of their territory has broken down as a system of civilization."

THE DISPERSION OF THE NEGRO.

Out of some of the dispersions of the past great good has come to the world—seeds of learning and truth scattered far, out of which sprang new and better civilizations. The migration of late of more than three hundred thousand Negroes from the South to the North may be set down by

the historian of the next century as a great good to the nation and to the world. With the black man concentrated in the South we shall not so readily solve our race problem as with him scattered throughout the country. Of course we are going to solve it. God intends that the oneness, the unity, of mankind shall be recognized—and unity in Him.

AN ENGLISH SOLDIER'S TESTAMENT.

If I come to die
In this inhuman strife,
I grudge it not if I
By laying down my life
Do aught at all to bring
A day of charity,
When pride of lord or king
Unpowerful shall be
To spend the nation's store,
To spill the nation's blood;
Whereafter evermore
Humanity's full flood
Untroubled on shall roll
In a rich tide of peace,
And the wondrous soul
Uncrucified increase.

But if my life be given
Merely that lords and kings
Shall say, "We well have striven.
See where our banner flings
Its folds upon the breeze.
Then (thanks, noble sir, to you),
See how the lands and seas
Have changed their pristine hue."
If after I am dead
On goes the same old game,
With monarchs seeing red
And ministers aflame,
And nations drowning deep
In quarrels not their own,
And people called to reap
The woes they have not sown;

If all we who are slain
Have died despite our hope,
Only to twist again
The old kaleidoscope,
Why, then, by God! we're sold,
Cheated, and wronged! Betrayed!
Our youth and lives and gold
Wasted—the homes we'd made
Shattered—in folly blind and spite,
By cowardice of mind,
And little men, and light.

If there be none to build
The temple we have willed,
With our flag there unfurled.
If rainbow none there shine
Across the seas of woe,
If seed of yours and mine
Through this same hell must go,
Then may my soul and those
Of all who died in vain
(Be they of friend or foe),
Rise and come back again
From peace that knows no end,
From faith that knows not doubt,
To haunt and sear and rend
The men that sent us out.

This poem, printed in the London Nation, is one well worth deep consideration just now. Men in every nation of the world are laying down their lives now for the advancement of our common humanity—that men everywhere may be free and develop as children of God, as brothers having one great Father.

Will the lessons learned in the stress and strain of war, at home and at the front, be put into practice? Or will things slip back and be as they were before the war? If the latter, be assured, O ye people, that the dead will return to haunt and sear and rend.

"O men that forge the fetter it is vain:
There is a Still Hand stronger than your chain.
'Tis no avail to bargain, sneer and nod,
And shrug the shoulder for reply to God."

AN EMINENT EDINBURGH MINISTER LISTENED TO EAGERLY IN NEW YORK.

Eastern cities have had the privilege of hearing of late several eminent ministers from abroad, or those from this country who have been abroad and have returned. The Boston Transcript tells how eagerly New York congregations listened to Dr. John Kelman.

Among speakers from the scene of conflict, Rev. John Kelman, minister of a great Scotch congregation, Free St. George's, Edinburgh, has made by his personality and message the deepest impression. Northfield visitors of fifteen years ago remember the originality and charm of two courses of lectures on the Psalms and the Apostle Paul, delivered by Dr. Kelman in his young manhood. He has been at the front almost since the war's beginning, first as chaplain of the King's forces, and of late as chaplain with a roving commission from the Y. M. C. A. The Brick and the Fourth Presbyterian churches have received Dr. Kelman with crowded houses, and, while visiting relatives in Princeton, he has stirred the university men. Thousands took advantage of the opportunity to hear him speak on "Life and Death in the Trenches" from Dr. Jowett's pulpit, Fifth avenue and Fifty-fifth street, at the close of last week. Crowds surged in from the avenue, which was throughout the week a glorious lane of flags in honor of the presence of the French commission, until the great galleries of the church could hold no more.

Breathless attention alternated with irrepressible applause as Dr. Kelman told how the war has made heroes out of ordinary men and believers out of agnostics. He dwelt on the new psychology produced in many a common Tommy Atkins by the chill dreariness and horror of the trenches, the living in mud, the constant naked sight of death, and the dawning conviction that beyond, "over the parapet," another life is waiting. He told of the courage beyond all speech and the loss of fear, even of fear in men lately masons, barbers, and ribbon-sellers; of the consciousness of Christ won not through theology but through experience by those who once looked upon Jesus as an ecclesiastic somehow mixed up with the aristocracy, and of the purifying of the nation by the motive for which her sons are fighting. Conceived first as a political measure, the war is ending, he said, as a sacrament, and soldiers see, in the blood-red cross of the Union Jack, the symbol of the price that has always been paid for the breaking of shackles.

In closing, Dr. Kelman referred to Britain's ancient wrong of America. "Have we not received of the Lord's hand," he asked, "double for all our sins? Long before Lexington we fough against kings. Five thousand Englishmen are dying daily now for you as well as for me. We lay our sacrifices at your feet and plead for pardon and for the cementing of the two nations into an indissoluble union."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

With the summoning of the conscripted army the United States will have under arms a force of about 1,200,000 men.

Former Governor Foss of Massachusetts said in a recent address that a sober nation would save $2,500,000,000 a year and increase its industrial efficiency 21 per cent, "and we must have that efficiency to win this war," he continued, "If we are going to have selective conscription we must have the twin measure, national prohibition."

Lord Percy, a British trade expert said the other day in Washington that the war had proved for England, a great economic leveller. The essential restrictions, he said, operated about equally on rich and poor. The rich, however, lost a large part of their wealth by income taxes running as high as 33 1-3 per cent, while the poor showed unusual prosperity, because of increased wages, large separation allowances, and the influx of about 800,000 women of the lower classes into industry.

Billy Sunday got this off the other day in New York concerning some of the frisky-looking women of many years: "Many a frizzly-haired little sissy knows more than her grandmother. Why, they know it before they get on long skirts"—and then pausing for an instant Sunday added: 'You can't tell by their skirts thees days. Some of the old dames wear them short. You can't tell by looking at them whether they are twelve or fifty. They get my goat. No wonder the dogs turn out better than the kids.

The participation of the brewers in politics in Pennsylvania has had the natural consequence. Thirty-four of them have just been fined $52,000 for their proved action in raising a campaign fund of $1,000,000 for use in the Congressional and Senatorial election of 1914, in voliation of the Federal law against the contribution of corporation to party treasures in Federal campaigns. In addition, the Pennsylvania State Brewers' Association, directed by two millionaire Philadelphians, has agreed to close headquarters and go out of business. An extra fine of $10,000 has also been assessed on the United States Brewers' Association.

In a pamphlet on the way to restore German prosperity after the war, Walter Rathenau, lately head of the Prussian Department of War Material, publishes some remarkable admissions and predictions. As summarized he estimates that the war will have reduced the German nation's wealth 20 per cent. Yet very heavy taxation must be imposed on every one, although Germany will probably have lost all her foreign trade, except with her present allies. This taxation will involve new annual revenue of $1,750,000,000—whereas the total revenue before the war (exclusive of loans) was $924,000,000. To restore her wealth after the war, all capital must be reserved for home uses. No raw material of foreign production must be used. Every one not actually needed in professional or intellectual work must be made to engage in productive labor. Small undertakings will have to be amalgamated into large ones, production and distribution concentrated; and the tax on luxuries and inheritances must bear an extremely heavy burden.

Norman Hapgood writes from London: "Regarding the concentration of executive power, Asquith's mistake was in considering the principles of the war too much like those of peace. Asquith's Government did splendidly considering the difficulties, but the situation as it developed required a more autocratic and single spirit. Lloyd George pointed out the great differences between the principles of war and peace when he became Minister of Munitions, and has realized it since. He was scolded by the Liberals, but now even most Liberals realize that his policy increases the probability of victory. One of Lloyd George's points is his consuming passion for victory. Asquith endeavored to have his big Cabinet as a body keep track of everything George leaves the Department heads responsible. This causes some mistakes, but it gets much more action."

Secretary Houston of the United States Department of Agriculture, upon whom so much of the important work of the Administration is now devolving, fortunately for the country and the cause, is an expert adviser. During the last four years he has kept in the background, attending strictly to his business and doing nothing to get himself or his work into the limelight; but men who have known have realized that he was one of the decided "finds" of the President when the Executive made up his first Cabinet. A study of Secretary Houston's career shows why he is a fit man for his place. A native of North Carolina, he studied at South Carolina College, and then went to Harvard, where he got his master's degree. Returning South, he taught in South Carolina College, was superintendent of schools in a South Carolina city, and then went back to Harvard to do graduate work and get his doctor's degree, specializing in political science. He then went to the University of Texas as an associate professor. This was in 1897. Two years later he had so impressed the university officials that he was made dean of the institution. In 1902 he was elected president of the State's Agricultural College and for the next three years he was getting an insight into the problems of food production and distribution which he is now meeting on a larger scale. In 1905 came a call back to the University of Texas as president, and in 1908 election as chancellor of Washington University, St. Louis, a place that has been held open for his return whenever he retired from the Cabinet, but which has recently been filled, since it became clear that he still had a great work to do at Washington. Secretary Houston has had large administrative experience. He has a disciplined mentality, able to turn readily to the facing of new and large problems. Moreover, he knows how to assemble about him high-grade experts, as his recent appointments show.

WHY ENGLAND WILL NOT ALLOW SOME NEWSPAPERS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS TO BE EXORTED.

Norman Hapgood has written to the New York Post as follows:

"Germany and France censor opinion at the source. Therefore the question of export does not arise. England allows the fullest liberty of opinion in the press, but prevents the export of those papers which marshall all the facts toward proving the need of peace. She does not prevent the export of those papers having a general pacific tendency, like the Manchester Guardian and the Daily News,

but those making a sustained effort towards peace, like the Labor Leader, Common Sense Herald, and the Cambridge Magazine. I do not believe that the Nation case is fully understood in America, judging by cable comments.

"Personally my sympathies are with full freedom of the press and with the Nation, and I read it more carefully than any other weekly except New Europe, and I believe that to prevent its export is a mistake in judgment. Yet the reason should be understood.

"It was not caprice, and it was not because the Nation criticised Lloyd George or represented Liberalism. Those facts are more important here than abroad. It was not even because the Nation said that British generalship was bad at the time of the Bapaume evacuation. That statement was judged not alone, but from the supposed motive. It was taken as part of a persistent effort to discourage England from continuing the war. The Government is willing to have such effort here where the public understands, but is afraid that neutrals, and especially the Germans, may believe it represents more than it does.

"Exactly the same idea was behind preventing Bertrand Russell from lecturing at Harvard and Norman Angell from going to America, or the works of Dickenson and Charles Buxton from being exported. The English know that such opinion represents somewhere from ten to twenty-five per cent, of the public, but the Germans might suppose it preponderant and brace themselves for a continuance of the war. Such a policy has a doubtful value, but it should at least be understood.

"Analogies are being drawn in that the Northcliffe press and other papers are allowed export despite their gloomy and pessimistic agitation about food, and formerly about munitions. But the analogies are absurd, because the motive is different. The imperialist papers agitate in order to produce greater effort and determination. The pacifist papers agitate in order to decrease the determination to carry on the war. The Censorship's decision, right or wrong, is based on the principle of winning the war, and that only.

"Remember that Romain Roland was not allowed to live in France, and that the eminent German educationalist Professor Foerster's book called German Youth and the World's War has just been forbidden circulation even inside Germany. The present policy of the British Government is to save England through the present fighting in France. Everything else for the moment is subordinate to that."

WHAT "SPEEDING-UP HAS DONE IN ENGLAND.

The United States in seeking to profit by Great Britain's mistakes in the war should keep to the fore the fact that after two years of speeding-up in the British factories and workshops there is manifest to a large extent an industrial fatigue" which has had considerable effect on output. A Parliamentary Committee says in a recent report that "taking the country as a whole we are bound to record our impression that the munition workers in general have been allowed to reach a state of reduced efficiency and lowered health which might have been avoided without reduction of output by attention to the details of daily and weekly rests." The signs of fatigue are even more noticeable in the case of managers and foremen and the practical results here are probably even more serious than in the case of the workmen. The report refers to "a pronounced and common symptom of industrial fatigue which appears to be the reflection in the workmen's general health and spirits of the results of accumulated nervous fatigue, rather than a direct and measureable sign of it." It explains:

"At the present time in many munitions factories the complaint is made by workers, and not the least by the most intelligent and willing of them, that they are feeling 'done up' or 'fair whacked,' to use the local phrase, and the evidence shows that this state of staleness is becoming increasingly common and obvious. By experienced managers and medical officers this staleness is attributed almost wholly to persistent long hours and neglect of weekly rest periods.

"Proper attention earlier in the war to the need for weekly rest would have prevented a large part of the diminished capacity of this kind, and would have averted much costly and wasteful expenditure upon imperfect work.

"For the avoidance of staleness in conditions of strenuous labor it is not enough to treat workmen in the bulk and to regulate daily and weekly rests upon a physiological basis devised for the average. If that be done, widespread evils like those too commonly prevalent now may be avoided, but good management will consider always the individual workman as well. In many cases, perhaps in almost all, in which staleness is well marked, or has even advanced to definite sickness, a single 'day off,' given occasionally at the right time, would have avoided much wasteful reduction of capacity, and in the worst cases the total loss of many days of work."

DREAMS AND DEEDS.

A Sermon by Henry Kendall Booth of Long Beach.

Text: "And a vision appeared to Paul in the night: There was a man of Macedonia standing, beseeching him and saying, Come over into Macedonia and help us. And when he had seen the vision, straightway we sought to go forth into Macedonia."—Acts 16:9-10.

No event in the history of the world since the birth of Jesus Christ has been fraught with more of consequence than the incident that receives only this very brief and casual mention in the book of Acts. Paul had come to Troas—the ancient city of Troy—immortalized by Homer, the scene of the exploits of Ajax and Achilles, the scene of the most romantic period in ancient Greek history. And on that classic soil it may have been, perhaps the stimulus of the thoughts that must have come to him, even though a Jew, the thought of that glory that was Greece, that splendor and beauty that was hers, that kindled in the Apostle's mind and brain the thought that led to a vision; and as he lay asleep that night at Troas there came a vivid dream and he saw standing beside his bed a soldier of Macedonia, and that Macedonian said, "Come over into Macedonia and help us." And so the next day, we are told in this brief narrative, Paul and his companions took ship and crossed that narrow strip that we call the Hellespont and landed on the soil of Greece. It is, apparently, but a trivial incident, but it meant that the gospel of Jesus Christ, that Christianity and all that it implies were from that hour no longer to be the possession of the East, but were to become the possession of the West; and Europe, not Asia, was to be the country of Christian learning and growth from that time forward. And that simple event in the life of the great Apostle marked the change that has come in human history and the shifting of the center of power, of intelligence, of culture of civilization, of Christiannty

and all that it means from the old and effete East to the new and growing West; and we may say that in that dream of Paul's there was implicit the whole progress of modern civilization, and that had he not dreamed that dream, he might have carried, or, possibly, kept it within the confines of his own race, and you and I would not sit here in this Christian church this morning, and would not form a part of that multitude that countless number that in all the great countries of the West acknowledged Jesus as Lord. The significance of the event, however, does not need to completely occupy our minds, as the interpretation and meaning that it has are independent of its relation to history. We are not only interested in this event because of its meaning to the world for world life and world thought and world history, but because of its practical bearing upon our daily living. Indeed, if this old book were nothing but a record of history it would mean nothing to us. It is because in and through that history, that reality of life that is there set forth, you and I are able to find help, encouragement, stimulus, power, for our own commonplace, daily living. Here is a story of Paul the Apostle, this man of executive power and practical ability dreaming and so believing in the significance and meaning of that dream that he turned out of the route that he had made up his mind to follow, into Bithynia and Mysia, along that well traveled route among the peoples of Asia Minor into a new world, not knowing whither he went and not knowing what he should do. It was just a vision of the night, one of those fleeting phantasms that cross the mind of men in slumber and that we say was nothing but a dream, and yet that dream remade the history of the world.

I do not think that we shall fully exhaust the significance of this in any time that we may spend in its consideration this morning, but I am satisfied that there is no passage in the New Testament that we need to ponder more in the age in which we are living than this. The Book of Acts opens, as you remember, with a great prophecy, a prophecy about which we have thought little and cared less, where Peter standing before that great multitude that gathered at Pentecost when the Holy Spirit came with such power upon the hearts of the members of the church, spoke to that listening, waiting congregation those words of the prophet of the Lord, "Your young men shall see visions and your old men shall dream dreams."

This matter-of-fact and practical age in which we live looks upon this whole matter with a great deal of contempt. Dreams and visions are to us things unreal. We have not very much confidence in the man who dreams dreams and sees visions. If he can use the multiplication table accurately and completely in his work, if he has very thorough and clear ideas of the way in which to conduct business, we say he is a man to be trusted. But we do not like the dreamers. They are likely to disturb the established order of things, they are eternally making trouble, and we come to look upon the dreamer and the visionary (as we call him, contempuously) as a man who really does not have any real place in our thought, in our work, in our civilization. We give the place of importance and prominence, of trust and ability to the man who is practical and hard-headed, the man of business who sees things only in dollars and cents, and who may figure instantly and accurately before you all the profits and percentages and interest tables, and can tell you all about the matter-of-fact details of business. We believe that man is one in whom we can put out trust and confidence. We are rather inclined to think that the man who dreams dreams and sees visions is a man to be passed by as a loafer and idler and of no value. His visions and his dreams are to us matters of no significance. We have despised dreams and visions because it has never occurred to us that the source of the strength of performance to the men who have achieved has always come through the dreaming of dreams and seeing of visions. We do not remember that those who have lifted us out of our monotony and out of the rut and have set the world forward and drawn men after them have always been men who dreamed dreams and saw visions. Moses was tending his flock in the desert of Midian, and there was beside the pathway of that desert a burning bush. And Moses stood aside to see that fire, and out of it there came that call of command, transforming him from a shepherd into a great leader and commander of his people, and he never forgot the significance and the power of the way in which that common event had been transformed by divine power into the meaning and significance of his life and the life of the nation. From that time forward every burning bush was afire with God, and Moses did not forget that vision. He carried it with him through all those years of trouble and hardship and difficulty.

And Isaiah stood in the temple and saw a vision of the Lord, and he heard the voice of the Lord calling him to his work, and Isaiah went forth for a fifty years' ministry in Jerusalem, in the midst of a people that were, indeed, hard of heart, who would not listen to his words. And the thing that kept that man at his task during that half century was the fact that in his heart there never had been lost that vision of the Almighty and Glorious God filling all the temple with his power. And Peter, as it were, through the worn and tattered garments of the peasant, caught a vision of the glorified Christ, and the vision on the mount remained with Peter down to that day when at the order of Nero in Rome he was sent out to be crucified. John was flung like a piece of drift wood upon the Isle of Patmos, but he caught a vision of a transfigured world that was some day to take the place of this world of sin and sorrow. He saw heaven come down to earth, and the glory that fills his pages has inspired the hearts of multitudes and lifted them out of their despair into some vision with him of the truth that he saw. And John Bunyan sat in Bedford jail, and he dreamed dreams and saw visions and he translated them into Pilgrim's Progress, which, next to our Bible, has exercised the greatest influence of any living book upon the heart and life of mankind. And Francis of Assisi, that mystic of the Middle Ages, left his wealth and his power and his possessions and went down into the common life with his Little Brothers of the Poor, loving the birds and the beasts and mankind with an eternal love, and the sweetness and the glory of Francis' life is the one bright spot in those dark ages in which he lived. Livingstone in the heart of Africa, alone, with no one about him, save those black men that he loved, dying alone in the dark, kindled a flame of missionary zeal that has gone around the world and sets the hearts of men afire today. Abraham Lincoln in those darkest hours when men could not see, and when the issues were beclouded, and men could not understand, crystallized into a few ringing phrases the truth which only his dreamy introspective mind clearly saw, and you and I admit and acknowledge him as our greatest American. And I think myself that the chaotic purposes, the perplexed minds and hearts of a nation have been forced, crystallized, expressed, given articulation and voice for us in that great message of last month that is going to take its place with the immortal documents of history. Even in our day of materialism and of the worship of the things that are material, it took a man of vision, a

man who dreamed dreams, to translate into the terms of idealism the hope, the expectation, the desire, the purpose, the meaning, the significance, the spirit of our great America, and we are rallying at that call as no other call would stir us, because we feel that Woodrow Wilson has put before us what we ourselves have wanted to say and did not know how to say. And yet we have been prone to despise the men who dream dreams and see visions and forget the place they occupy in the history of the world, and that after all, the place of importance should not be given to the matter-of-fact men who see nothing in a painting but a blur of color, and nothing in a sunset but a splotch of red upon the western sky, and nothing in an ocean but an expanse of water. We forget that these men will never lift the world an inch higher. It is the men who see the ideal things that lie behind the material that have made this world what it is and have lifted humanity step by step to its present greatness.

And this vision of truth of which we are talking this morning, may come to us all through the daily facing of facts of the spiritual life, through the daily meeting in our own consciousness of these well known and thoroughly understood facts and factors of the spiritual life. It may come to us all and in us all in the growth, steady, and perhaps unconscious of idealism within us, the slow forming by the process of thought and life of certain great ideals in us to which we give our allegiance and loyalty. But we are thinking this morning not of these ordinary methods, but of the extraordinary method of vision which Paul, the Apostle, experienced at Troas. "Are there things in our own life, are there any moments of special illumination and insight?" I say unto you, Yes, in every life there always come moments when we are lifted out of ourselves for just an instant, when it seems to me as though we veritably touch the hem of the divine garment, when it seems to us as though we catch just for an instant a fleeting glimpse of heaven. These experiences may come in one way or in another. Sometimes it is the sight of a face, sometimes it is the fragrance of a flower, sometimes it is a strain of music, sometimes it is a moment after we have seen some great phenomenon of nature, sometimes it comes in the innermost experience of our hearts as we stand face to face with sickness or with death. But come how it may,it comes, this experience of special insight, of illumination into every life, I care not how matter-of-fact, and we ought to see and understand in it the desire and the wish of God Almighty to lift us out of this material environment that hems us around into some apprehension of the spiritual world that is about us from our infancy, and in which we really live and move and ought to have our being.

I do not know of any one who has expressed for us this conception of religion so perfectly and who may be regarded as the great prophet of this truth to our generation so much as Robert Browning. Nobody ever quite caught as he did such a real understanding of this truth. In one of his poems there occurs this strange passage:

> "I crossed a mow with a name of its own
> And a certain use in the world no doubt,
> Yet hand's-breadth of it shines alone
> Mid the blank miles round about.
> "For there I picked up on the heather,
> And there I put inside my breast
> A moulted feather, an eagle-feather!
> Well, I forget the rest."

What does it mean? It means that Browning was putting before us in that single phrase of "The eagle-feather" the fact that always there is seeking to pierce through this earthly atmosphere in which we live some sense of the divine, that like that feather that dropped from the eagle out of the blue of the sky and that lifted the heart of Browning up into the dazzling realms in which that eagle found his home, into those heights of glory and power, so God is always trying to bring us out of a downward to an upward look. And even more perfectly has Browning expressed it in "Cristina" as he says:

> "Oh, we're sunk enough here, God knows!
> But not quite so sunk that moments,
> Sure tho' seldom, are denied us,
> When the spirit's true endowments
> Stand out plainly from its false ones,
> And apprise it if pursuing
> Or the right way or the wrong way,
> To its triumph or undoing."

Browning is trying to help us to feel that this world in which we are living, this material world, is interpenetrated all the time with God, and that there come to all of us some moments when we see as we never saw before the great spiritual truths, when a word, or a phrase, or a look, or some slight and trivial thing may reveal to us the meaning of life as we never saw it before. And Browning understands why this is true, as he tries to tell us in "Paracelsus":

> "Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
> From outward things, whate'er you may believe;
> There is an inmost center in us all.
> Where truth alludes in fullness; and around
> Wall upon wall the gross flesh hems it in,
> This perfect clear perception which is truth and to know
> Rather consists in opening out a way
> Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape."

I am sure that the Master would have us understand that when He was talking to us about these spiritual truths, and when He continually sought to thrust into the hard shell, as it were that men had put about themselves these truths that they might lodge there, that he himself was striving to put into simpler form what Browning was elaborating in his philosophical poems, that there is for us all the opportunity that the imprisoned splendor may escape, and that out of the gloom there may drop the eagle feather to turn our thoughts out of ourselves and up toward God. I wonder how many of us ever stop in our busy lives to look up into God's glorious heaven? I wonder how many of us ever stop in our busy days just to look up at the stars above us and to think ourselves out into that great universe? There are opportunities innumerable, flashes of insight, moments of illumination, when God comes very close as He came that night to Paul of Tarsus as he lay on his bed in that city of Troy and saw the man of Macedonia; and I am sure that we all need these illuminating moments, and that this which we call vision is not a thing to be despised.

There are three classes who are here this morning who need it most. First, there are the people who are living narrow lives, who have no chance to do the great things, who are imprisoned in circumstances and environment and feel that they are fretting their souls out beating them against the bars. Somehow, every common experience takes on a new meaning when we get this peculiar quality of vision and when we see visions and dream dreams we

can find in these commonplace things a real and eternal signficance. Jesus took the bread and the wine and he transfigured them into the symbols of immortal glory. He took the candlestick and the rent wine skin, the commonest material things of daily living, and He made them over into things of tremendous power and spiritual meaning in the parables that He spoke. I wish that we all who are living narrow lives might understand how much there is to be read into life when we see it in the light of eternity. And I think that those of us who are living hard lives need it,—lives that are burdensome and irksome and montonous, lives that press constantly upon our spirits and seem to stifle all our efforts to escape and be free. We. too, need this quality of vision, that we may see that the hardness and the sternness are the iron behind which there is to be found the gold; that God is giving us the same tutelage and instructions and discipline that he gave His Son. And those of us are living busy lives, oh, how we need it! Lives that are distracted by all sorts of calls and responsibilities, and who have no time for reflection and meditation.

But whatever our life be, this little incident at Troas is to make plain to us the fact that God is always seeking some avenue into the soul, that God is always searching for some means by which he may reach us and find us and lift us for the time being out of ourselves into His presence. So that when Paul talked about seeing visions and dreaming dreams, let us remember that, after all, dreams and visions are more imperishable than the seeming realties and the solid, substantial things of daily living about us, and that when all these are gone forever and have crumbled into dust, the visions of truth that men see and the dreams of love and hope that were in their hearts shall remain and abide and become their eternal possession. And so I say that we all this morning ought not to pray God that we may be delivered from these imaginary experiences, as we call them, but we ought to pray God that like Paul and John and Peter and Jesus, and all the great seers, and all the great prophets, we might dream dreams and see visions.

But we shall not complete the full cycle of this thought which is contained in this text unless we add one more thing to it. It is not enough to see visions, it is not enough to dream dreams, unless there be something that shall couple itself with the dream, namely, the deed. If Paul had only seen that vision and carried it with him in his own mind and consciousness alone, the dream would have had no significance for us or the world. But Luke tells us in his own language that "Straightway, we went into Macedonia," that the moment the vision came it was translated at once into action, and that when the Apostle saw that man and heard that cry there was an instant answer of his whole nature to it, and that the dream became a deed. It is the men who dream dreams and see visions and who never seek to put them into action that we rightly call the dreamers and the visionaries. Shakespear has put before us a most perfect example of the man of keen mind, subtle of spirit, of large openness to impression, sensitive, the man of spiritual nature whose life became a failure, in the figure of Hamlet, and this man of great ability, of large understanding of life, of deeply philosophical mind, of a finely attuned spirit, is a failure because he had never learned to act, and because all his dreams and visions were as nothing, because they never ultimated in deed. And Paul's greatest lesson that he has to teach us at this juncture is the immediate, instant, ready, unquestioning acceptance of the vision of truth as the impetus and incentive to action. He did not hesitate, he did not question, he did not wait when that vision came and said to him, "You must go on that work to Macedonia; there is somebody there calling you to help."

And so in this story of Paul at Troas we have the whole cycle, now, of the relationship of dreams and deeds; that deeds alone without dreams tend to become wearisome drudgery, monotonous tasks. to blunt and blight our deepest nature; that dreams without deeds become mere phantasms, and to dissipate our lives into thin air. The dream that inspires to the deed, the deed that is linked to the dream, makes perfect beauty and complete harmony, and into our life as these dreams and visions of truth come, as God opens the windows of our soul and lets in these gleams of sunlight, we ought to take them and translate them at once into deed and character. "When we saw the vision, straightway, we went into Macedonia." God is sending a vision to you in this hour. Make it the incentive and impulse and dynamic that shall drive you forth on the morrow to a larger performance and a greater work in His Name.

THE CHURCH IN ARMOR.

Nuggets from the Sermon by the Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America met last week at Dallas, Texas. The sermon by Dr. John A. Marquis, the retiring moderator was a timely one in this day of crisis. We pick out from it here and there a few thoughts which need to be brought home to all professing Christians.

"This war is a crusade for the future of human freedom, a struggle for the Christian order of things."

* * * *

"The world is searching its heart to-day.There is a solemnity in the air rarely felt before and never so universal. Men are disappointed and sick with the hollowness of the material for which they have been living.It is a time for the Church to be full-armored. No half victories will suffice. Mankind is ripe for Christ, and the hour is ready for Pentecost to blaze in every land."

* * * *

"Society is just as hopeless without Christ as was the thief on the cross. Civilized nations can no more trust each other or live together in confidence and peace with out him than savage tribes can. Society will not grow out of its disorders any more than a sinner will grow out of his sins. "Ye must be born again." And peace will come to the nations and redemption to society when they are put on the platform of reborn men, which is faith in and submission to Jesus Christ through the whole area of life. Does any one suppose that this war would have engulfed us had the nations of Europe for the past fifty years taken the Christ-attitude toward each other which is the attitude of confidence and helpfulness toward our neighbor even though that neighbor be a rival and an enemy? It was the pagan notion that might is the only force anybody need respect, that set them at each other's throats. We will never get up and out of the era of brute force with its blood and slaughter until the law of the new birth controls government as well as personal conduct. The same thing is true of the industrial troubles that menace us almost every moment of our lives. The difficulties between capital and labor will yield to Christian treatment if it is applied. There is no human situation Christianity is not adequate to deal with and redeem."

"The Church has a fine chance to-day, when the world is aghast at its own failure and in despair of the future, to

reveal the full power of the Christ and apply it. What Christianity can do, and some day will do, is just as far beyond what it has done as twentieth century uses of electricity are beyond the experiments of Franklin.

* * * *

Large things are being expected of Christianity in the new day that is to follow the war. The armies of the world are smashing the old order, but our expectation is toward the Christian forces of the world to build the new. They can not do it except on the basis of sacrificial service.

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"Democracy all over the world is trying to find itself and express itself. The Church has a chance to help it. Many of our closest observers have felt for some time that the prime need of America is the development of a national soul, a soul sensitive to the things of the spirit, touched with the sympathy of Christ, alive to the higher impulses of humanity, responsive to the heart of God. That we have developed a remarkable business sense in recent years is abundantly evident, that we have done our share in the scientific and mechanical advancement of our age is equally apparent. We are sensitive to everything that touches us on the material side and quick to seize advantage. But what earnest souls among us have been praying for is that we may develop a spiritual sense, a responsiveness to God, a capacity for righteousness and right and honor that will transfuse and master every other capacity we possess. The soul of America ought to be the hope and guide of all mankind in the chaos that has come upon the world, and it can be if the Christian forces of the country will put themselves under discipline and go and serve where Christ leads them.

"There is no other way. If America is to get a soul equal to her moral responsibility and opportunity, that will link her to God and the things that are worth while, it most be through the influence and leading of the Christian spirit. There can be no true democracy without true Christianity. The most important item in our preparedness is spiritual.

* * * *

"The apostles no more thought of saving themselves or living for themselves than a soldier in battle, and had they done so the sentence of a soldier who turns back in battle would have been theirs; deserter and coward.

* * * *

"The cross of Christ when carried by a cross-bearing, self-denying Church is irresistible. It isn't in the human heart to withstand it. The Church in our generation has almost forgotten this. She has been so prospered and enriched with goods that she has been able to equip and carry forward great enterprises with little sacrifice. What would have won the heart and captured the imagination of all who witnessed it a generation or two ago, is no real cross at all today. We carry it so comfortably and easily that we scarcely know we have it. There is reason to fear that self-denial is all but a lost art in America. And whenever that takes place among a people they lose their appeal to the world, to say nothing of the sag they suffer in their own spiritual vitality. Swivel-chair benevolence finds it hard to reach the heart. The Church has a great chance in this privotal time to get back to the Christ principle of service through sacrifice of preaching the Gospel of the Cross from under a cross. The only way we can win the world to a Savior exalted above every name because he emptied himself, is to empty ourselves."

WILL THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES BE A FARMER?

It would be rash doubtless to predict that a farmer would be the next president of the United States. It might not, however, be generally regarded as rash to predict that eight years hence a farmer would be in the White House at Washington.

The farmers captured North Dakota last year. A Topeka, Kansas, correspondent of the New York Post tells of the propaganda now on in several states.

"A new movement partly economic and partly political, that may result in overturning politics in the Middle West, is acquiring a momentum which has startled students of conditions in the interior, yet, strange to say, has attracted little attention east of the Mississippi. It has already captured one State, and claims 75,000 members who are advancing its propaganda in eight others. It has come to Kansas and Oklahoma frankly intending, according to its leaders, to become an important factor in next year's campaign. Claiming that it will nationalize agriculture, it is advocating a broad Socialism that has turned the heads of many thousand farmers, who see in it the dawn of an era of farmer-domination of State, and perhaps national Government.

"Differing from the Farmers' Alliance of the nineties, and its successor, the People's Party, it proposes no new political organization, nor is it officered by novices. The men who have developed the Non-Partisan League, as it is called have a well-perfected plan of political manipulation. Indeed of endeavoring to draw voters away from their old poltical allegiance, they advocate working within established party lines, capturing the party organization, thus providing themselves with machinery ready for quick service.

The League's Advance Agent.

"Ray McKaig, former Methodist minister, lanky, determined, ascetic, with the mien of a revolutionist, is secretary of the League. He has been traveling through Kansas and Oklahoma for two weeks, laying the foundation for organization. The League is a super-organization for handling all the political efforts of the farmers' societies, he explains. We work through the dominant party by all of us going to the polls and voting that ticket, according to orders from the managers. We name a slate at our convention, and then go to one of the political parties—little matter which—and gobble it up, machinery, nominees, and all. We did it in North Dakota and we are going to do it in Kansas. North Dakota will send here almost one hundred men with every necessary convenience to effect a great campaign. They will travel through the State in motor cars owned by the League. A State-owned terminal elevator for handling the what crop, and its necessary adjunct, a State-owned mill, are embodied in our platform. Along with it go State-owned packing-houses, stock yards, potato and fruit warehouses, and marketing bureaus. Over 2,500 letters have come to us from Kansas, and the field is ripe here and in Oklahoma for active organization.

What Happened In Dakota.

"The Non-Partisan League is an offshoot of the North Dakota Equity Society. In the summer of 1916 it began operations engineered by A. C. Townley, a picturesque plunger, formerly known as the flax king. He is a Socialist, a dynamic talker and a born organizer. He is president; and director of the activities. The Equity Society is one of several farmers' organizations scattered through the West. It resembles the Farmers' Union, the Grange, and others that have co-operation as their basis.

"In Dakota it was particularly strong. It had scores of co-operative elevators and a secret organization. It wanted a State-owned elevator; also State-owned mills, cold-storage houses, and other instruments for the carrying on of expansive plans for co-operation.

"Townley, now the dictator of North Dakota politics, started the uprising. He and his fellow-members claimed that the farmers were being mulcted by the elevators and mills through juggling of qualities of grain and flour. They started the League. It took rapidly. A convention named a complete State ticket with L .J. Frazier for Governor, a well meaning, but not forceful, farmer who had never been far from his neighboring village. He was normally a Republican. The committee went to his field where he was ploughing and notified him. Farmers were named for every other office.

"Every member was assessed $16 for two years' membership. With the money which flowed in, Ford cars were purchased, and workers went out through the country, organizing and getting more members.

"They nominated the farmer ticket from top to bottom and nine-tenths of the lower house of the Legislature. Then they elected their nominees; although Wilson carried the State by 1,700 the farmer Governor and those with him had 67,000 majority. They managed to control the Legislature, which finally passed the Terminal Elevator bill."

The Post correspondent says:

"Indications are that it will seriously endeavor to become a factor in the elections of 1918 in it least five Central Western States."

MOUNT HERMON FEDERATE SCHOOL OF MISSIONS.

Congregationalists certainly ought to attend the Federate School of Missions at Mount Hermon July 16-21, for that zealous Congregational woman, Mrs. O. W. Lucas, is chairman of the Federate School of Missions and Miss Miriam Woodberry of the National Congregational Board is to be one of the evening speakers. The two text-books to be used will be "An African Trail," by Jean Mackenzie, and "Missionary Milestones," by Margaret Seebach. These books will be taught daily by that most excellent and attractive teacher, Mrs. Hallie Linn Hill of New York City. Those who have been members of Mrs. Hill's classes heretofore know the remarkable brilliancy of which she is capable. No more delightful teacher could be found, and those who attend Mount Hermon School of Missions this summer will have a treat mentally.

Mrs. O. P. Bell of San Francisco, who conducted the Normal Class last year at Mount Hermon, will do so again this summer, the first two days of the Normal Class being spent on general methods and the other days of the week being spent on Normal work in connection with the two text-books taught by Mrs. Hill.

There will be evening addresses with stereopticon pictures. As has been said, Miss Miriam Woodberry will be one of the evening speakers. Her subject will be "Treasurers and Trust," and all who know of her will be sure of an address worth hearing. Another evening speaker will be Dr. Gilbert N. Brink, superintendent of the educational department of the American Baptist Home Mission Society. Dr. Brink was formerly superintendent of schools in the Manila District, Philippines, speaks Spanish, has visited Cuba, etc. He has made a special study of the colored schools and leaders in the South, and his subject at Mount Hermon will be "The American Negro," using his own slides for illustrations.

An evening lecture sure of a good audience will be that of Mrs. Hallie Linn Hill, who will speak on "Central America," using stereopticon slides. Those who heard Mrs. Hill tell of her trip to South America last year will be eager to hear this lecture on Central America.

Mrs. J. W. Aldrich, Presbyterian worker under the national board, will give an illustrated evening lecture on "Alaska," illustrated with her own pictures taken by herself.

Mrs. J. C. Alter, national field secretary of the United Presbyterians, will, with the assistance of the young ladies at Mount Hermon, present one evening an impersonation called "An Open Door in India" (being real experiences in the life of a missionary). Mrs. Alter has a son who is a missionary in India.

The daily Bible period will be conducted each morning by Miss Amanda Hicks of Berkeley, on the general topic, "Spiritual Evolution."

The fee for registration for the entire week will be one dollar. Everybody is welcome, however, to come in and listen at any time. All the evening lectures are free, also. The general rally of all denominations will be held on Wednesday afternoon, July 18. Fine provision has been made for daily classes for children. Miss Beatrice Davis of Piedmont, a trained kindergartner, a pupil of Miss Grace Barnard, will teach the children at Mount Hermon, using the two Junior text-books, "African Adventurers," by Jean Mackenzie, and "Bearers of the Torch," by Katherine Crowell. Miss Beatrice Davis is an accomplished story-teller, and the children at Mount Hermon will have good times in her daily classes. Let all Congregational folks plan to be at Mount Hermon, if possible, July 16-21.

MARY E. BAMFORD,
Press Secretary Mt. Hermon Federate School.

"THE ROMANCE OF THE GOLDEN WEST."

Friday evening of last week Dr. Charles F. Aked gave in the cloister of the Mission Inn at Riverside the first of a series of lectures which he is giving in aid of the interest fund on the church building indebtedness and other church obligations. Dr. Aked stipulated that course tickets to the amount of $500 be sold in advance, so that the church would assuredly realize at least this sum from the lectures. The tickets were sold at once, and the first lecture was given as herein stated, on "The Romance of the Golden West.

One of our local dailies says of the lecture:

"It was characteristically an 'Aked lecture,' charged with the brilliancy, the intellect and the individual charm of Dr. Aked. His very words inspired romance for they were tinted with the beauty of radiant sunsets, the soft colors of the dawn, the depths of the mighty sea, the magnificence of the redwood forests and the flower-scented air of Southern California. One was fairly swept from his feet with the descriptions of the beauties of California as seen by one who has not been reared here, but as one who views it through the spectacles of fog-driven England or of muggy or snow-beaten New York.

Another daily reported as follows:

Throughout his lecture Dr. Aked spoke in the highest praise of California. "In the soul of the greatest nation," he said, "California supplies the soul of the soul."

He declared that there is much exaggeration, a drawing of the long bow when the stories turn to California, but the fact cannot be exaggerated that California is three times as large as England and forty times as large as Montenegro, the little kingdom precipitating the present world crisis.

Climate.

The lecturer showed that part of California's wonder-strength lies in her matchless climate; the most invigorating in the world; in a latitude many degrees south of Naples, we have an ocean-tinged dryness and an equable heat. He made a vivid comparison of our summer weather here, dry and warm, with the muggy damp heat of New York, where nerves are invariably jangled out of tune, and the heat of Boston, where "horses sweat, men perspire, and the ladies are all of a glow."

Beauty That Encompasses Us.

"San Francisco," the speaker asserted, "is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. A famous English painter, an R. A., sketching the expanse of city, hills and sea from a window of the Fairmont hotel, declared that there was but one view in Europe to compare with it."

"Riverside," said Dr. Aked with a smile, "is a paradise for automobilists—if automobilists can ever hope to enter Paradise. It is the land of the blue sky, and tens of thousands of trees bearing the golden apples that dragons used to guard, add their note of beauty to the ensemble.

"Then, too," continued the speaker, "there is but one Mission Inn, and there never will be but one, because there is only one Frank Miller. When he was made, a jealous nature, in fear of imitation, broke the mould. Frank Miller dreamed of a 20th century hotel thaat would be at the same time a mission, a castle and a church—and his dream came true. Therefore, Frank Miller has a place in the ranks of those great creative artists that are bringing fame to the Golden West."

The Romance Which Is in the Air.

Dr. Aked showed that California is the land of idealists. Fra Junipero Serra, with his dauntless band that made the desert bloom as a rose; the forty-niners, beaten and broken by the incalculable hardships of an overland journey, but refusing to turn back; the stern justice-meeting Vigilantes of San Francisco bringing order out of chaos—all the early settlers of the state breathed the magic romance of California and became super-idealists.

"Bret Harte sensed the perfect idealism found in the early settlers; too often they were riff-raff, and th tag-ends of the earth, but his gospel, and he preached it through all his writings, was the indestructible goodness of bad men."

"Mark Twain, writing and printing in a little newspaper office at Virginia City, Nev., also felt the romance and wrote of it.

"And above all, Robert Louis Sevenson, prince of idealists, sensed the romantic power of this magic country, and while he lived in Monterey he wrote the very idealism which surrounded him.

"This splendid idealism" said the speaker, "is best shown in the case of San Francisco. After the devastation of earthquake and fire, Pompeii and Herculaneum never arose, but San Francisco, phoenix-like, arose new-born from the flames. Drinking from the inexhaustible fount of romance she lifted herself triumphant even to greater heights."

Happiness of Life in Golden West.

Inventing a new word, Dr. Aked observed that if a "Soulometer" could test the population of California it would undoubtedly register a higher degree of happiness here than in any other spot on earth.

In conclusion the speaker paid his finest compliment to the state. "We, in California, are children of the immortals. The future of the universe is with us. As was the Mediterranean to the ancients, the Pacific is the sea of the world to come. Here in the land of the palm and the pine, of majestic mountains and blue sea, the land of a romance that is Italian, a land filled with love of beauty that is Grecian, here must and will be produced the consummate flower of our civilization."

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Rev. Jas. H. Lash, pastor of Lake Avenue Congregational Church, Pasadena, is sick with erysipelas. Mr. Lash is one of the most popular and successful pastors in the south. It is hoped he will soon recover. His church building has just been repaired, changed and improved at a cost of about one thousand dollars. His salary has been increased nearly every year during his seven years' pastorate. The Lake Avenue Church is one of the most spiritual and successful in our Conference.

A Sunday School Institute, composed of local Sunday-schools, has just been held at Panama. Our Panama pastor, Rev. S. C. Carson, is president of this local association. Attendance was large and interest good. Miss Mary Buss, one of the Kern County Sunday-school officers, and Prof. Valentine of the Bakersfield High School, and General Missionary Smith were among those who assisted in the Institute. Rev. Nels F. Sanderson, who has had such a successful pastorate at Hawthorne, has accepted the pastorate of Pilgrim Church, Bakersfield. He graduates from a Post Graduate Course at the University of Southern California, Los Angeles, this week and receives the degree of M. A.

General Missionary Smith has just organized a Sunday-school of forty-seven members in the Wildwood School District, Kern county. This is a region of large ranches, started a quarter of a century ago. Nine young people make an automobile trip of fifty miles every day to attend the High School at Wasco. They have had no Sunday-school in this locality for sixteen years. It is expected that a new circuit will be formed soon in the Kern Association that will include Rosedale and Rio Bravo Churches, and that will provide Wildwood with regular Sunday preaching services.

A NOTE OF ACCOMPLISHMENT AND CHEER FROM REDLANDS.

As a little word of accomplishment may be of good cheer to others, we note down for The Pacific the success of the recent effort to liquidate a debt which had rested upn this church for a numbr of years. It would be whittled down a little and then slackage between income and expense would more than take up what had been gained. It wasn't all ever capitalized into a reportable debt to the year book, but constituted a constant and gnawing obliga- nevertheless.

Last Easter we cut it down nealry $700. Then last Sunday (May 20) we girded up our loins, had done some careful preliminary work, and reported later, in addition to the $3600 debt pledged and $1400 for new heating plant for chapel—about half a thousand more than this $5000 needed, to pay past debts and make the needful improvement in our plant. And there are still some of our good members to hear from.

At the memorial service held in our church and attended by the G. A. R.'s and other patriotic societies, the local Luthern pastor (who had also invited the same societies, but whose church was too small, and because of a misunderstanding about the invitations) preached the sermon. Our own pastor led the service, and the pastor of the near-by Unitarian church, who also wanted to attend the Memorial service, led his flock down and we packed our auditorium and had a great patriotic service.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Robert Walker will speak on Prayer at the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco next Monday.

The Pacific stated last week that the Rev. L. P. Hitchcock had resigned as pastor of the West Side Church in Pasadena. A member of the church writes that neither the church nor Mr. Hitchcock knows of any such resignation.

Mr. Earl H. Weed, a member of the 1917 class of the Pacific School of Religion, was ordained to the gospel ministry on Tuesday evening, May 15, at a special meeting of the Bay Association. Mr. Weed sustained a very satisfactory examination and the vote for his ordination was unanimous. In the services which followed the examination the sermon was given by the Rev. Roy H. Campbell, whom Mr. Weed has been assisting for two years, having charge of the work among the young people. The ordination prayer was by the Rev. R. C. Brooks, the charge to the candidate by Rev. A. W. Palmer; the right hand of fellowship by Superintendent Rathbone.

QUARTERLY MEETING OF MISSION BOARDS AT REDWOOD.

The quarterly meeting of the W. B. M. P. and Home Missionary Union of Northern California will be held at Redwood City on the 7th of June.

Program.

Reports from all secretaries.
Outlines of Armenian Relief Work.
Talk on Mission Study, Mrs. E. A. King.
Situation in Mexico, Mrs. Wm. Wallace.
Young People's Work, Mrs. Gilson.
Work among the women and children, Rev. B. F. Matthews, Madura Mission, India.
Conditions in Trinity County, Rev. Geo. DeKay.
Exercise, "How Not to Do It," showing a Missionary Society in Action.

All are asked to bring a basket lunch. Coffee will be served by the ladies of the Redwood church.

The train for Redwood City leaves Third and Townsend at 9 a. m.; from the East Bay District take the 7:40 train for the ferry. Ten-ride tickets from San Francisco will accommodate five persons for the round-trip at a cost of 89 cents each.

CHURCH FEDERATION BEING CONSIDERED AT PORT ANGELES, WASHNGTON.

The Port Angeles Tribune-Times for May the 18th contained the following:

A federation of the Protestant churches of Port Angeles into one cogregation with one place of worship and one minister, but with each church keeping its own identity, property and traditions, was one of the suggestions made by Dr. H. C. Mason, of Seattle, in a speech on "A Church Program for Port Angeles," before an audience of two hundred people at a 'Get Together" dinner in the Parish Hall last night. A committee was appointed consisting of one member from each of the churches represented to investigate the feasibility of the plan.

Dr. Mason suggested the plan as a factor leading up to greater church efficiency, that all the money now practically wasted because it is spent in small portions, might become exceedingly valuable and worth while if it were spent more efficiently where it could do the greatest good.

'Certain communities have tried the union meeting without denominational distinction," said Dr. Mason, "and it has been a failure. The chief reason for its failure is that certain people are born Methodists or Presbyterians, or Congregationalists and they cannot be changed to some other sect. By saying 'born' that way, I mean they are born with that kind of temperament which enjoys the fellowship of one sect more than it could ever enjoy that of any other. It has been found impracticable to try to form a union of the sects.

"However, the plan of a federation of churches in one meeting place with an expert leader as their pastor has been tried out and found to be highly successful. What we need is expert ministers in order that our church life may be the best. In business life when we run across a problem which we cannot solve, we go to an expert who is trained in solving just those problems; we must do the same in our religious life.

"But no man," continued Dr. Mason, 'can be an expert when he lacks the means to contiue his studies ad keep up to date with the new movements that are starting. Our doctors, our lawyers, and our scientists have to keep up their studies all the time, else they would fall behind in their profession. The same is true of a pastor. Yet how can he keep up in those things and still be true to his grocer and his wife on say $700 a year? The average minister should spend at least $200 a year on books alone in order that he may keep up his reading in philosophy and other studies. That is one of the benefits gained from a federation of churches in small cities. They have a fine, large congregation, have money enough to afford a dignified place of worship, and can hire an expert minister."

After a few moments' discussion of the suggestion a vote was called for to see if it was the consensus of opinion that the matter was worth appointing a commitee o look into. There were scarcely five dissenting votes. The chairman appointed a committee composed of one member from each of the churches interested to investigate the feeling in Port Angeles and find whether such a plan of federation could be made to work here.

The personnel of the committee is as follows: William Graham, Congregational; Dan Gasser, German Lutheran; S. J. Hauge, Scandinavian Lutheran; P. E. Graves, Methodist; J. D. Beam, Presbyterian; C. E. York, Baptist; Dr. McGillvray, Episcopalian.

GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION OF BUSINESS PREDICTED.

In one of a series of lectures at the College of the City of New York last week Mr. Henry A. Wise, former United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, expressed the judgment that all types of business would ere

long come under government control. The New York Times reports him as follows:

"American business is now more or less under the control of the Federal or State Governments, and complete control, accelerated by the exigencies of the present war, is not far off. As a matter of fact, many businesses are at present greatly hampered by a lack of centralization and the present separate control of individual States."

In giving an outline of the legislation that had been enacted in the past affecting commerce in general Mr. Wise cited the first law passed by Congress in 1796, by which absolute control over the navigable waters of the whole country was assumed. This bill, which provided that every watercourse, stream, or lake came under the direct supervision of the Federal Government, had for its basis of constitutionality the brief statement in the constitution that all regulation of commerce was vested in the Congress and subject to tax. All legislation except that pertaining to railroads and transportation was a product of comparatively recent activity caused by changing conditions and thoughts which prompted expansion of that clause.

After referring to the passage of the Telegraph act in 1886 Mr. Wise said:

"Government ownership of telegraph systems is not a far-off possibility, and we may look forward to seeing them all under the jurisdiction of the Postal Department."

The speaker told of the passage of various laws to control commerce culminating in the recent eight-hour law for the railroads and concluded:

"So, when we see all that has been done with that little Constitutional clause as a basis, the authority of which has not been questioned, except in the case of the Employers' Liability act, there is little doubt that all types of business will soon come under direct Government control."

THE LANGUAGE OF THE FLAG.

By Will Carleton.

O stars of our flag, one by one you arose,
'Till the sky on our banner was blazing with splendor!
Each ray from their depths is a night to our foes,
And a sunburst of joy to the gallant defender.
Not only their worth cheers the land of your birth,
But flings its clear light to the ends of the earth!
And the nation shall never from victory rest,
'Till the world is as free as the Land of the West!

O stripes of the flag! you are emblems of woe
That fell on the hearts of the founders we cherish;
'Gainst the frowns of the storm and the guns of the foe
They fought that the land of their love should not perish.
The stripes that gleam red are the blood that was shed,
And the white ones between are from shrouds of our dead;
And farther and farther this emblem shall wave,
Till the world has forgot that there e'er was a slave!

O staff of our flag! you are sturdy and strong,
Like the people whose hands and whose hearts must uphold you.
You cling to the colors, through tempests of wrong,
Or when 'mid the zephyrs of peace they enfold you.
On many a field, you have scorned e'er to yield,
For, the hearts of the brave were your sword and your shield;
And you promise for ages to stay in your might,
Till the world gathers round you—firm standard of right.

The Home

FIRST.

He never wanted gold so much
That he would risk dishonor's touch
To gain it;
All that was fair he'd bravely do
For victory sweet, and struggle to
Attain it.
Yet he would rather miss the goal.
Than put a blight upon his soul.

He neer oervalued plaudits, cheers,
That every conquering hero hears
Or yearned them;
He wanted to deserve success
Yet would not claim its joys unless
He earned them.
He never made the great mistake
Of risking all for victory's sake.

No victory could compensate
For any mean or treacherous trait.
He chose to fall
Rather than conquer any foe
By striking a dishonest blow.
And first of all
He held, above both fame or pelf,
His own opinion of himself.

—Detroit Free Press.

FATHER IN THE BIG ARM CHAIR.

When father gets up from the evening meal, puts on his coat and hat and goes down town, a couple of curly-haired children follow him to the door and quaver, "Good-by, father," in that peculiarly longing tone which says more plainly than words, "I—I wish father'd stay home with us."

The big-eyed boy of 5 is wishing—wishing with all his heart—that father would sit down in the big arm chair that has such a delicious jolt, and take him on his great lap and tell him about the pet coon he once had and the old gobbler that nearly—got him once upon a time.

She Longs For "Billy Boy."

The little 3-year-old girl wants to sit on the "other knee" and cuddle her curls up under his chin and hear him sing "Billy Boy." According to the boy, father has the art of story-telling down to a very fine point, and the little girl thinks his singing beats all that she can ever hear in all the world.

Can you remember those evenings around the kitchen fire when father used to jump you up on his knee, and run his hand softly over your head and down along the back of your neck, while he told you for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time about "Grandmother's Dog That Fell Down in the Well"?

And surely you haven't forgotten father's singing. Could he sing? Why, even though the words didn't fit the tune, he could scoot all around through the scale, picking up tones here and there just as he needed them and fixing words to suit, and everything always came out all right at the end of the line! More than that, he could make up tunes as he went along, and words, too, right out of his head. Yes, father was a wonderful singer when he sat in the big arm chair.

With The Fire Crackling In The Polished Stove.

What a pleasure to go back to that kitchen fire once in a while and hear it all! You can hear it, can't you? just the same as though everything was there as it used to be. Oh, the memory of those wonderful evenings, with the curtains down, the lamp shining on the high shelf, the fire crackling in the polished stove, when you sat on father's lap and listened. Mother sat opposite in her low rocker, watching her little group. Hasn't the remembrance of it all kept you true many a time?

It would be fine if all children could have such sweet memories, memories that purify and strengthen for the hard places afterwards. There is something about the evenings at home, when the children are all safely in from their play, and the blinds are drawn; something about the big,jolting chair, and the soft, squirming bodies upon your lap; something about the tangled curls snuggled up against your neck; something about the bedtime story and song; something about the carrying upstairs of little, warm, limp, white-nightgowned forms and the tucking them into bed; something about the sleepy, good-night kisses—there is something wonderful about all this. But there isn't any use to try to put it into words; there are no words to tell it—it must be lived.

Is The Memory Worth While?

And when we look back, we wouldn't take a carload of diamonds for the memory of those dear evenings with father in the big arm chair, with the children on his lap, all settled for the bedtime stories and songs.

The children grow fast. It will not be long before they are too big for father's lap.—Anne Porter Johson, in The Continent.

For The Children.

THE LESSON BESSIE TAUGHT.

Bessie must have wakened in the morning with a plan in her busy little head for teaching certain members of the Newton family a lesson. The first thing she did was to go into the library, and finding on a chair a new magazine that Harry had left there, she pulled off a cover. "There!" thought she, "I'll teach Harry not to leave so valuable a thing as a book where it doesn't belong.

Then she went into the boys' room, and, finding a borrowed book out of place, she remarked to herself: "This will never do. A borrowed book should always be carefully put away; and, besides, I do not believe in borrowing, especially when a boy has as many boks of his own as Willie has. I'll just destroy this one, to teach Master Willie a lesson." So she soon defaced its pretty, bright cover badly.

Next she visited Marjory's room; and, finding more dust on the floor than should have been there, she evidently thought of the saying, "Dirt is misplaced matter," and gave Marjory a gentle hint by tipping the contents of the scrap-basket out upon the floor.

Then she went into the sitting-room; and, finding Alice's hat on a little work-stand, she thought, "Another thing out of place, another lesson to be taught." So she pulled out the feather, leaving hat and trimmings on the floor.

When all was done, she cuddled up on the lounge, well satisfied with her morning's work. At the dinner table four members of the family looked as though each wished some one else would speak first. Finally, mamma said,—

"I see Bessie has been trying to teach us again."

Four voices answered faintly, "Yes."

"She certainly has taught us once more that there should be a place for everything, and everything should be in its place," said papa.

"Including Bessie herself," added mamma.

And Bessie? Well, Bessie was a six-months' old puppy, with innocent, soft brown eyes.—Lucy Southworth Hunt.

NEVER GIVE UP.

Per-se-ver-ance is a long word for little folks, but it is a good word, and I will tell you a story which will help you understand it. It is a true story, too, and I know you will be glad of that. My little people always listen with eyes wide open when I say I am going to tell them a true story.

There was a little boy about four years old named Davy Porter. He wanted to speak in the Sunday-school exhibition, so he learned a little piece and recited it to his mother and sisters a great many times. He could not speak all the words plainly, but he did very well for such a little fellow.

When his name was called, he marched up to the platform very bravely and made his bow all right, but when he saw so many people, a whole church full, looking right at him, he could not think of one word of his piece. So he just made another bow and marched back to his seat. The superintendent smiled and told him not to be discouraged, he would do better next time.

Little Davy was not in the least discouraged. He repeated his verses every day to his mother; and, when the evening for the exhibition came again, he was ready and as brave as ever. This time he forgot to make his bow, but he commenced his piece right,—

"I am a very little boy,"

which bit of information was given with such a grave face and in such solemn tones that somebody in the audience laughed.This so confused poor Davy that he could not think of another word. He plunged his right hand into his pocket, and then his left hand into the other pocket, hoping to find his thoughts there, I suppose, for a boy's pockets hold almost everything. But Davy could not find a single thought in his pockets, so he made his bow and walked off the platform as coolly as if he had recited the whole piece. The superintendent said kindly that he had done very well, he had made a beginning at least, and must try again on the next evening.

I think that 'most any little boy I know would have been discouraged by this time. But Davy was determined to speak that piece, and never once thought of giving it up. Every day his mother heard him repeating the verses when he was at play in the woodshed all alone, and once in the night he began,—

"I am a very little boy
But I can"—

and then he struck his hand so hard against the bed-post he awoke.

When the next evening came, Davy's face was as bright as a sunbeam. His sister tried to persuade him not to speak. She told him he would not remember his verse, and she should be ashamed of him if he failed the third time.

"But I shall not fail," said litle Davy, stoutly, "I shall say every word."

He did say every word and spoke loud enough to be heard all over the church. These are the verses:—

'I am a very little boy
And cannot read or spell,
But I've a lot of picture books
That I know very well.

"And I can whistle, too, three times,
And I can run and hop,
And play with boys at hide-and-seek,
And spin my humming top.

"And, though I'm such a little boy,
I'll do the best I can
To live a good and noble life,
And be an honest man."

Oh, how glad Davy was when he got through! The superintendent told him he would make a noble man. Then he took one of the bouquets from the table and gave it to him, saying,—

"I give you these flowers because you have shown so much perseverance."

Davy did not really know what the big word meant, but he was sure that it meant something good. He took the flowers and marched down the aisle, happier than any king I ever heard of in my life; and since that night he has never had any trouble speaking at the exhibitions.

Now children, I think you understand that perseverance means never give up. When you are learning a long lesson, or doing a hard bit of work, or trying to break up a bad habit, you must remember that you cannot succeed unless you have a great deal of this never-give-up spirit.—Sarah E. Burton in Christian Register.

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